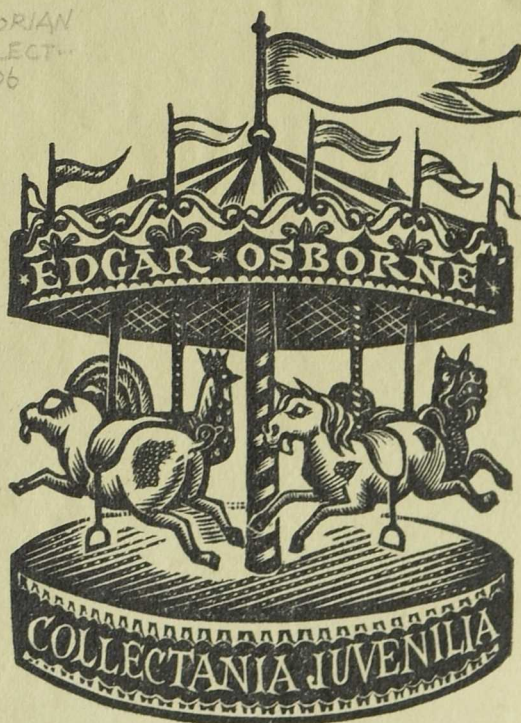


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THE CHILD & THE LOOKING GLASS.

page 2.



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OF

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A

TRUE SENSE

OF

RELIGION AND VIRTUE.

TRANSLATED

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suited to every capacity, and are particularly interesting to youth; the incidents related are deeply impressed on the expanding mind; and their perusal is, generally speaking, productive of beneficial effects.—Gratitude, humility, contentment, perseverance, benevolence, and filial affection, are contemplated and admired in some of the characters; while others serve to excite an abhorrence of their opposites,—ingratitude, pride, restlessness, indolence, churlishness, and undutiful behaviour.—Parents, guardians, and instructors of youth, cannot therefore perform a kinder office to their charge than by putting approved selections of Fables into their hands: and it is humbly hoped, that the translation now submitted to their inspection will, on examination, be found worthy of their approval and patronage.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
TABLE I.—The Child and the Looking-Glass . . .	I
II.—The Goldfinch and the Canary-Birds . . .	4
III.—The Old Carp and the Young Ones . . .	7
IV.—The Two Travellers	10
V.—The Dove and the Magpie	13
VI.—The Ivy and the Thyme	16
VII.—The Mole and the Rabbits	17
VIII.—The Owl and the Pigeon	20
IX.—The Nightingale and the Prince	24
X.—The Blind Man and the Cripple	26
XI.—The Horse and the Colt	29
XII.—The Calif	34
XIII.—The Cricket	38
XIV.—The Scholar and the Farmer	40
XV.—The Cat and the Sparrow	44
XVI.—The Ox, the Horse, and the Ass	48
XVII.—The Young Hen and the Old Fox	51
XVIII.—The Inundation	54
XIX.—The Linnet	59
XX.—The Sheep and the Dog	63
XXI.—The Hare, his Friends, and the two Stags	65
XXII.—The Peacock, the two Goslings, and the Diver	72
XXIII.—The Squirrel, the Dog, and the Fox	74

	PAGE
FABLE XXIV.—The Miser and his Son	78
XXV.—The Young Ape and the Nut	80
XXVI.—The Rabbit and the Teal	82
XXVII.—The Two Bald-Heads	89
XXVIII.—Colin's Flock of Sheep	90
XXIX.—The two Countrymen and the Cloud	93
XXX.—The Cat and the Rats	96
XXXI.—The Priest of Jupiter	99
XXXII.—The Edifice of Cards	103
XXXIII.—The Little Dog	107
XXXIV.—The Leopard and the Squirrel	110
XXXV.—The Crocodile and the Sturgeon	113
XXXVI.—The Cow-Boy and the Gamekeeper	115
XXXVII.—The Caterpillar	118
XXXVIII.—The Turtle-Dove and the Linnet	120
XXXIX.—The Grasshopper	124
XL.—The Dervise, the Crow, and the Falcon	130
XLI.—The Wasp and the Bee	135
XLII.—The Hedge-Hog and the Rabbits	136
XLIII.—The Countryman and the River	141
XLIV.—The Child and the Date-Tree	144
XLV.—The Monkey and the Magic-Lantern	147
XLVI.—The Ermine, the Beaver, and the Wild-Boar	152
XLVII.—The Flying-Fish	156
XLVIII.—The Old Tree and the Gardener	157

Select Fables,

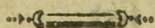
FROM

THE FRENCH OF MONS. FLORIAN.

FABLE I.



THE CHILD AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.



A CHILD who had been nursed in a village, and accustomed to such furniture only as was to be seen in his nurse's cottage, returning to the house of his parents, was extremely surprised the first time he cast his eyes upon

a Looking-glass. He liked his own image exceedingly for an instant,—but presently, by a whimsical change in his humour, to which children (not to say grown persons) are sometimes subject, he chose to insult the object of his love.—He made mouths at it;—the grimace was returned.

Enraged at this boldness, with clenched fist and furious aspect he approached the glass:—and the menace was returned with the same angry look, and threatening fist.

He now struck the glass, and having hurt his hand, his rage redoubled, and his mother found him repeating the blows, and crying and screaming as if he had been mad.

“ Tell me, my child,” said she, en-

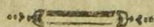
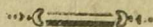
deavouring to quiet him and to stop his tears,—“did you not begin by
“making faces at that naughty child
“which has vexed you so much?”

“Yes, mamma, I did.”

“Observe at present, you smile, he
“smiles also;—you lift your arms to-
“wards him, he does the same to you;
“—you are no longer angry, neither
“is he.—

“Remember, my child, that as you
“wish others to behave to you, you
“must act towards them, and that
“good, or evil, will be returned to
“you, as you deserve it.”

FABLE II.

THE GOLDFINCH
AND THE CANARY-BIRDS.

A BIRD-FANCIER had, with great caution and secrecy, slid a Goldfinch's egg into the nest of a Canary-bird. The mother, much less cunning than kind-hearted and tender, sat upon it with the other eggs, without the least suspicion of their not being all her own.

In due time, the little stranger quitted his shell, and received from her and her husband the same tokens of affection, the same care, which they bestowed upon their own offspring;—

in short, he was treated just like one of the family.—Laid upon a bed of down, he slept all day, by the side of the little Canary-birds, whom he took for his brothers and sisters; was fed by the mother in his turn, and reposed at night under her wing.

The children grew apace, and were soon covered with beautiful feathers: but though the Goldfinch was the only one not lemon-coloured, he thought himself as pretty a Canary-bird as any of them; and his brothers and sisters were of the same opinion.—Pleasing error! which makes us fancy those we love so like ourselves!—

Jealous of his happiness and determined to destroy it, an old Goldfinch joined him in one of his morning ram-

bles, and addressed him in the following manner:—

“ My son, it is time you should
“ know who you are :—those for whom
“ you entertain such high sentiments
“ of love and respect, are not your
“ parents ; you derive your origin from
“ a Goldfinch, and not from a Canary :
“ —examine yourself ;—your plumage
“ is variegated ;—you have a crimson
“ head,—a bill—”

“ I have any thing you please, ex-
“ cept an ungrateful heart ; and I shall
“ ever cherish and love those who took
“ care of my infancy :—if my plumage
“ and theirs are different, there is a
“ strong resemblance in our disposi-
“ tions.—You pretend to prove, that
“ they are nothing to me ;—their care

“and tenderness prove the contrary:—

“and a grateful heart will revere his be-

“nefactor as he would his father.”—

FABLE III.

THE OLD CARP

AND THE YOUNG ONES.

“TAKE care, my children; do not
“go so near the edge of the river, but
“follow its bed, and keep in the deep
“water; beware of the treacherous
“hook, and the still more dangerous
“net.”—

Thus, anxious and trembling for
the safety of her offspring, spoke a

Carp, in the River Seine, to half a dozen young ones, who scarcely gave themselves the trouble to listen to her advice, and were not in the least inclined to follow it.

It was in the month of April; the snow and ice, melted by the soft breezes of spring, descended in torrents from the mountains; the river, swollen by the increase of water, overflowed its banks, and the whole country was inundated.

“ Ah ! ha ! ”—exclaimed the young fry, exultingly ; “ what do you say to this, old dotard !—are you still afraid we should meet with hooks and nets ? ”
“ —We are now citizens of the whole wide ocean ; behold—nothing is to be seen but the heavens and the sea ! ”

“ —the trees are hid beneath the waves,
“ —we are masters of the world :—it
“ is an universal deluge.” —

“ Do not believe any such thing,”
answered the mother ;—“ this water
“ may disappear in an instant ;—pray
“ do not venture too far, and, to avoid
“ accidents, follow the bed of the river.”

“ Pshaw !” — cried the young
ones, pertly ;—“ you always repeat
“ the same thing.—Adieu ! we are go-
“ ing to visit our new dominions.”

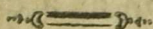
Saying this, the thoughtless troop
rushed forward, and, quitting the
Seine, were soon at a considerable dis-
tance in the water which overflowed
the country.

What followed ?—The waters disap-

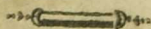
peared, the young Carp remained;—
they were caught,—and stewed!

Why did they quit the river?—
Why?—I know, alas! too well:—it
was because they thought themselves
wiser than their mother,—because they
wished to wander from the home which
Providence had provided for them;—
because,—oh! I should never have
done.—

FABLE IV.



THE TWO TRAVELLERS.



OLD Thomas and his friend Lubin
were travelling together, on foot, to



the next town ; when the former found a purse full of guineas in the road ; which he immediately picked up, and put into his pocket.—

Lubin's countenance brightened extremely ; and rubbing his hands together, he exclaimed, — “ What a good “ windfall for *us* ! ”

“ No, ” — answered Thomas, with much coolness ; “ *for us*, is an improper expression ; *for me*, if you “ please.”

Lubin said not another word, but trudged along by the side of his friend, till, quitting the common, they arrived near the skirts of a wood, which served as a hiding-place for a band of robbers.—Thomas began to tremble violently, and not without reason, for

they saw them coming towards them.—

“*We* are ruined,” cried he !

“My good friend,”—answered Lubin, “*we* is not the proper word, but “*you* ;—oh ! that is a different case.”—

Saying this, he jumped over a hedge, and escaped.—Motionless with fear, Thomas was soon taken ; he drew his purse from his pocket, and gave it to the robbers.

Those who think only of themselves when fortune smiles upon them, will never find a friend, when she turns her back.

FABLE V.



THE DOVE AND THE MAGPIE.



A DOVE had built its nest, in a very unpleasant neighbourhood; a chattering Magpie lived at the next door.—In the quiet habitation of the Dove, all was peace and happiness: but in the house of the Magpie, eggs broken, feathers torn off and scattered in the air; and quarrels, noise and confusion, reigned from morning to night; and when the lady had received a beating from her husband, she flew immediately to her neighbour, screaming and complaining, and repeating a long catalogue of the tyrant's faults:—he was

proud, over-bearing, cruel, passionate, jealous, and, moreover, neglected her, to visit certain crows in the neighbourhood.

“ But pray tell me,” asked the Dove, “ are *you* without faults ?”

“ No, between ourselves, I confess
“ I am not ; my conduct and my conversation are often a little giddy ;—
“ a coquette I know I am, and sometimes choleric, and take pleasure in
“ vexing and tormenting him : but
“ what is that ?”

“ It is a great deal, my dear : and
“ I advise you to set immediately about
“ correcting yourself : your bad temper may irritate him,—”

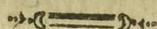
“ What do you mean, mistress minx ?”
interrupted the Magpie ; “ my bad tem-

“per!—how now!—I came here to
“open my heart to you; to tell you
“all my sorrow and grief; and in re-
“turn you insult me;—upon my word!
“—but this shall be my last visit.”

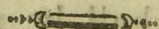
“Adieu! you little impertinent
“thing; do not concern yourself with
“my affairs, but attend to your house
“keeping.—Adieu!”

We confess that we have faults; but
it is generally in the hope of being
contradicted.

FABLE VI.



THE IVY AND THE THYME.

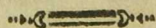


“How much I pity you, poor little
“plant!” said one day the Ivy to the
Thyme. “It is your destiny to be al-
“ways creeping and humble; your
“trembling stalk scarcely raises you
“from the earth; whilst mine, high
“in the air, united with the lofty oak,
“shoots upwards, with it, into the
“clouds.”

“It is very true,” replied the Thyme,
“I know you are high; I cannot dis-
“pute that point with you: but I will
“beg you to recollect that I am not
“obliged to any one for assistance; as

“to you, if you had not that tree to
 “support your extreme weakness, you
 “would creep upon the ground, lower
 “than I do.”

FABLE VII.



THE MOLE AND THE RABBITS.



WE are seldom ignorant of our defects;—acknowledge them,—that is another affair; we prefer suffering a thousand ills, rather than confess they are the cause of them. This subject makes me recollect a very extraordinary circumstance.—Here is the history.

IN a beautiful meadow enamelled with flowers, near the entrance of a wood, a little troop of Rabbits (all friends and relations) amused themselves with playing at blind-man's-buff. —A leaf placed before the eyes of one of them, and tied under the chin, served to blind him.—It was done in an instant. He was placed in the midst of the joyous band; and now began the sport. They danced, they jumped around him; now running from him with all their might,—then returning sily to pull him by the tail, or gently pinch his ears; whilst he, in vain, endeavoured to catch them, his sudden turns, his extended paws were equally useless.

A Mole, sitting in her *boudoir* un-

der ground, and wishing for nothing better, in the absence of her mamma, than an opportunity of gadding, hearing the noise over her head, determined to make one in the party; in a moment she was in the midst of them, and being blind, you may easily judge, was soon made prisoner.

“Gentlemen,” said one of the Rabbits, “it is a matter of conscience, and common justice requires, that we should favour our poor neighbour; you know, she is without eyes; I therefore am of opinion—”

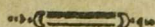
“No,” interrupted the Mole with warmth,—“I am caught, and fairly caught; put me on the fillet.”

“With all my heart, my dear; here it is, but I think it is not at all ne-

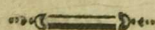
“cessary that we should tie it very
“tight.”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” replied she
angrily:—“tie it very close, for I
“see;—closer, closer I tell you, I still
“can see.”—

FABLE VIII.



THE OWL AND THE PIGEON.



“WHAT a melancholy lot is mine!”
exclaimed a misanthropic Owl: “old,
“infirm, overwhelmed with pain and
“misery, I am lonely and unconnect-
“ed; and no one bird has ever had
“the kindness to visit me in my hole,
“and endeavour to cheer my solitude.”

THE OWL & THE PIGEON. *page 20.*



Published July 20 1866 by J. Harris, corner of St. Pauls Church Yard.

A kind-hearted Pigeon hearing his lamentation, went immediately to him.

“Alas! my poor comrade,” said he,
“I pity you extremely; but cannot
“understand how an owl of your age
“is without a wife, without relations,
“without children or grand-children;
“did you not, in your youth, engage
“in the soft bands of matrimony?”

“No, truly,”—answered the Owl;
—“marry indeed!—no, no, I knew
“too well the discomforts of the married state.—Would you have had me
“espouse a young owl full of coquetry
“and vanity, who would have been
“the torment of my life; and would
“have brought me a house full of
“wicked children, —ungrateful, un-
“feeling, good-for-nothing monsters,

“sighing in secret for the death of
 “their father, as all children do? —

“As to relations, I have very few,
 “and never see them; they are cruel,
 “avaricious, quarrelling on the most
 “trifling occasions, and caring only
 “for those from whom they expect to
 “inherit something; and even then
 “cannot bear to wait too long:—be-
 “lieve me, all our relations detest and
 “rob us.”

“I am not of your opinion,”—an-
 swered the Pigeon:—“but, let us
 “speak of friends; they stand in the
 “place of family and relations to the
 “widow and the orphan; in them
 “you have surely found consolation
 “and comfort.”

“Friends!—they are all deceivers.

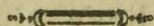
“ I once knew two owls who loved
“ each other tenderly for fifteen long
“ years, and at the end of that time
“ cut one another’s throats for the
“ sake of a miserable mouse:——do
“ not talk to me of friends ; I have
“ still less faith in friendship than in
“ love.”

“ It appears then, God help me !
“ that you have never loved any
“ one !”

“ Upon my honour, between our-
“ selves, never !”

“ In that case, then, old Gruff,
“ what right have you to complain ?”

FABLE IX.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND
THE PRINCE.

A YOUNG PRINCE walking with his preceptor in a grove, stopped suddenly to listen to the delightful melody of a Nightingale. Anxious to see the pleasing songster, he examined every corner, and at length perceived it sitting among the leaves of a spreading tree : his next wish was to seize on it and put it into a cage, that he might enjoy the pleasure of hearing it sing every day : this could not be done without some noise ; and the Nightin-

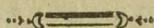
gale, taking the alarm, flew immediately away.

“What is the reason,” cried his highness, in a tone of disappointment and anger,—“that the most charming
“of all birds retires into a solitary
“wood, whilst my palace is filled with
“sparrows?”

“It is,” replied the Preceptor, “in
“order to instruct you betimes, and
“shew you what you would one day
“perceive.”

Folly is always forward to shew itself; merit is retired and modest.—
The first continually throws itself in your way; the other you must seek.

FABLE X.

THE BLIND MAN AND
THE CRIPPLE.

WE should always endeavour to assist each other: the reflection of having rendered service to our fellow-creatures in distress, will lighten the weight of our own troubles, and they will be more easily supported.

This was the doctrine of Confucius:—let us observe it:—to persuade the people of China of this truth, he repeated to them the following anecdote:—

There lived in a town in Asia, two unfortunate men. — One was stone-

blind; the other had entirely lost the use of his limbs: and both were poor and friendless.—They prayed incessantly to Heaven to put an end to their sufferings; but their prayers were vain.—Stretched on straw in the corner of a public street, the poor Cripple complained without being attended to; the Blind man, exposed to every danger without the power of guarding against them, wandered about, without support, without a guide, without even a poor little dog to conduct and love him.

One morning, groping his way from place to place, he found himself at the corner of the street where the Cripple lay in pain and misery: his groans reached his ear, and his heart felt

them.—“ I have my sorrows,” said he,
 “ and you have yours: by uniting
 “ them, they will appear less heavy ;
 “ we may perhaps console each other.”

“ Alas !” answered the Cripple ;—
 “ you do not know that I am deprived
 “ of the use of my limbs, and unable
 “ to move from my place ; and you,
 “ brother, are blind, and cannot even
 “ see the miserable situation I am in ;
 “ to what end should we unite our
 “ destinies ?”

“ Listen to me,”—replied the Blind
 man, “ we are, between us, in pos-
 “ session of what we should each have :
 “ —I have legs ; you have eyes : I
 “ will carry you, and you shall be my
 “ guide ; your eyes will direct my un-
 “ certain steps, and my legs, obedient

“ to your orders, will carry you where-
“ ever you wish to go.—In this man-
“ ner, without staying to decide which
“ of us will be most usefully employed,
“ I shall borrow your eyes, and lend
“ you my legs.”

FABLE XI.

THE HORSE AND THE COLT.

A GOOD old Horse (he was a wi-
dower,) had an only son, of whom he
was extremely fond, and whose happi-
ness and pleasure employed all his
thoughts. They resided in the most
charming place that can be imagined;

the pasture was fine and enamelled with a thousand flowers ; the spreading trees afforded them shade from the heat of the sun at mid-day, and a clear stream of cool and refreshing water supplied them with drink when they wished for it.

The Colt made an ill use of this profusion of blessings, as young people of that age will do ; he crammed himself every day with sainfoin, wallowed in the flowery grass, galloped about without any cause, bathed without inclination, and reposed without necessity.—Idle and fat, the young recluse grew weary, and was tired of having nothing to wish for.—He sought his father :—

“ My dear Sir,”—said he,—“ I have
“ for some time past found myself un-

“ well ; this grass is unwholesome, and
“ will certainly kill me ; this clover
“ has no taste ; the water is foul ; and
“ the air we breathe in this place de-
“ stroys my lungs ;—in short, we must
“ quit it, or I die.”—

“ My son,” replied the Horse,—“ if
“ your precious life is in the least dan-
“ ger, we must begone this instant ;
“ I will not stay here another hour.”—
No sooner said than done :—they bade
adieu to their country.

The young traveller frisked and
jumped with pleasure ; the old one,
less joyful, went forward with a more
steady pace : he however conducted
his son over mountains, rocks, and
barren plains, where he could find no-
thing to eat.—Night came on :—no

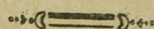
supper!—what was to be done?—he must determine to sleep without it.—The next morning, being extremely hungry, he tried to eat a wild bramble for his breakfast!—His galloping was over, and at the end of two days he could scarcely step along.

Thinking he had by this time received a sufficient lesson, his father now brought him by a private road, in the middle of the night, back to the meadow, and the poor hungry Colt no sooner perceived himself in a place where he had something to eat, than he began to devour it as if he had been half starved.—“Oh! what a feast,” cried he;—“oh! what delightful grass! how soft, how tender it is!—my dear father, do not let us go any further;

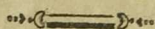
“ we never shall find a better place ;
“ we will fix for ever in this charming
“ retreat ; nothing can ever equal this
“ rural spot ! ”

Whilst he was speaking in this manner, the day began to appear, and the Colt perceived he was in the very same meadow, which he had, a few days before, desired so much to quit.—He was extremely confused, and cast his eyes upon the ground.—He begged his father to pardon him ; and never from that moment desired to wander from his home.

FABLE XII.



THE CALIF.

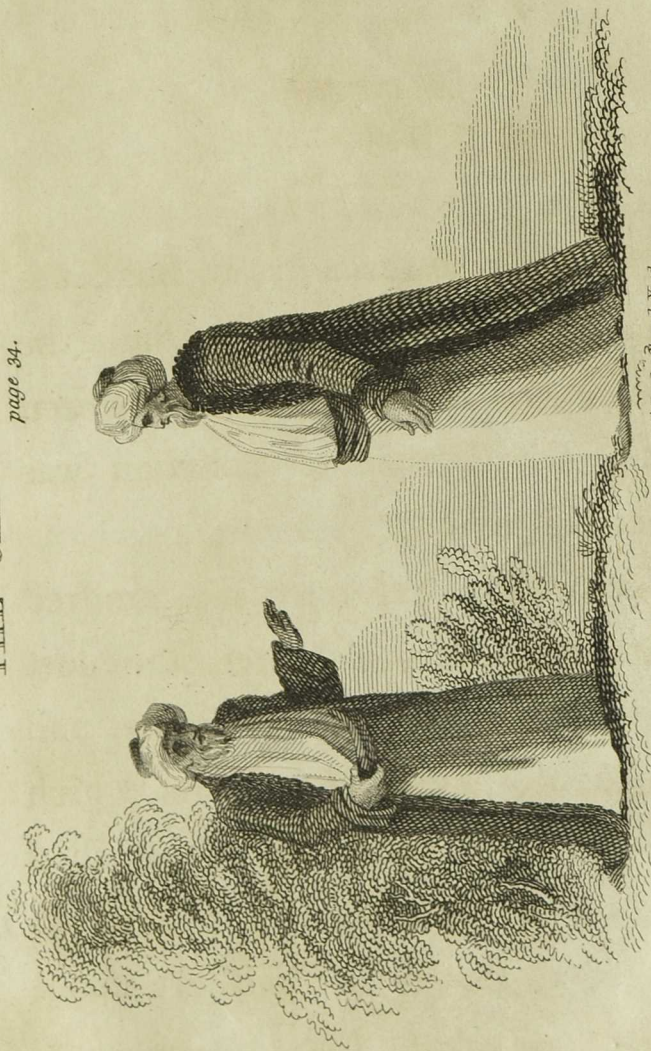


THERE lived formerly at Bagdat a Calif called Almamon, who built the most superb palace that had ever been seen :—the Temple of Solomon was not so magnificent.

The portico was formed of a hundred pillars of the finest alabaster ; the court was decorated with gold, jasper, and lapis-lazuli ; in the apartments, which were lined with cedar, and embellished with the finest sculpture, he had assembled all that nature and art could produce of rare and costly ;—flowers,

THE CALL.

page 34.



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perfumes, porcelaine, diamonds, the *chefs-d'œuvres* of every art; and fountains of sweet water fell into golden basins, by the side of sofas covered with rich brocade.

In the front of this beautiful palace, stood the humble cottage of a poor Weaver: time had almost laid it in ruins, and he was too poor to repair it: there, however, the good old man lived, contented to work hard and gain little, free from debt and exempt from care; neither envied nor envying, unobserved and forgotten, his days flowed on in peace and quietness.

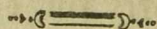
I have observed that his little habitation stood just before the entrance to the palace. The Vizier determined at once, without any ceremony, to have

it demolished: but the Calif ordered that it should be purchased and paid for, before it was taken down. He was obliged to obey, and a sum of money was immediately sent to the poor man.—“No; keep your gold,” cried he, mildly,—“I want nothing but my loom: for, as to my house, I cannot part with it.—Here I was born;—here my father drew his last breath;—and here I will also die. The Calif may, if it is his will, drive me out of it; he may destroy my humble cottage: but if he does it, he will see me come every morning to sit on the last stone of it, and weep over my distress and wretchedness. I know Almamon; his heart would feel for me.”—

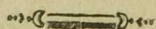
This insolent discourse excited the anger of the Vizier; he wished to punish the audacious peasant, and to order that his sorry hut should be immediately razed to the ground: but the Calif stopped him.—“No,” said he:—“I order that it be repaired at my
“expende; my glory is connected
“with its duration. It is my desire
“that my children may consider it as
“an august monument of my reign.

“In contemplating the Palace, they
“will say he was *great*; in contem-
“plating the Cottage, they will say he
“was *just*.”

FABLE XIII.



THE CRICKET.



A POOR little Cricket hid itself under the grass to observe a gaudy Butterfly, who was fluttering round the meadow; the winged insect was adorned with the most brilliant colours in nature; azure, purple, and gold shone upon his wings; young, beautiful, *pé-tit-maitre*, he flew from flower to flower, as fancy directed him.

“Alas!” sighed the Cricket, —
 “how different are our fates!—dame
 “Nature has done every thing for
 “him; for me, nothing. I am with-

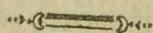
“out talents of any kind; my person
“insignificant; no one takes notice of
“me, I am even quite unknown:—
“one might as well not exist at all.”

In the midst of these reflections, a troop of children came into the meadow, and immediately began to run after the Butterfly, which they each desired to have. Hats, handkerchiefs, caps,—every thing was tried, and the beautiful insect endeavoured in vain to escape;—he soon became their prisoner. One seized him by the wing, another by the body, and a third coming up, caught him by the head:—there was no need of so many, to tear the poor little thing to pieces.—

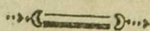
“Oh! oh!” said the Cricket, “is
“this the end of so much splendour!

“ it is paying too dear to shine a short
 “ time in the world.—How much I
 “ shall, from this day, cherish my
 “ quiet retreat, since I perceive that
 “ to live happily, we must live retired.”

FABLE XIV.



THE SCHOLAR AND THE FARMER.



I find so much satisfaction in the company of animals, that I desire no better than to pass my life among them; I must however confess, (and it is with pain I acknowledge this truth,) their dispositions are not equally good; a great number, too

well known to make it necessary for me to name them, partake in a great degree of our vices, but they are easier to be guarded against than wicked men ; and, rogue for rogue, I prefer a fox.

Thus thought a sage in our village, —an honest Farmer, who for three-score years, had been the oracle of the whole neighbourhood ; every word he uttered was a law, and his example gave weight to what he said. When (surrounded with his forty children, sons, daughters, and their offspring) he decided a dispute, or arranged some family altercation, his venerable appearance, his grey hairs, struck the parties with so much awe, that not one of them would have dared to utter an

untruth, or even to prevaricate, in his presence.

I remember, that one day, a Scholar from the next town, came to pay him a visit in his rural dwelling.—“Tell me, “father,”—said he, “in what author, “in what work you have learned so “much wisdom?—In what nation, in “the court of what monarch, have you, “like Ulysses, been taking lessons of “justice and prudence?—Do you follow the strict laws of Zeno? have “you embraced the sect of Epicurus? “—that of Pythagoras, or the divine “Plato?”—

“I am not acquainted with these “gentlemen even by name,”—replied the old man.—“I study the book of “Nature, and my heart is my only

“preceptor; I observe the animals
 “which surround me, and find in
 “them the model of every virtue I
 “hold dear.—From the Ant I learned
 “industry and œconomy; my Oxen
 “taught me to be laborious; my
 “Sheep gave me an example of mild-
 “ness, my Dogs of fidelity and vigi-
 “lance; and if I had wanted a lesson
 “to teach me how to love my Sons
 “and Daughters, I should have found
 “it in my Hen and her Chickens.—
 “Thus every object I contemplate in
 “the universe, instructs me in some
 “duty, which it is my happiness to
 “perform;—I love, and am beloved
 “by my family and neighbours, and
 “I render them every service in my
 “power.—

“ My desires are regulated by my
 “ reason.—I observe and follow Na-
 “ ture in every thing.—This is the se-
 “ cret by which I am happy.”

FABLE XV.

THE CAT AND THE SPARROW.

It is very proper to be prudent and cautious: but to live in constant fear and dread of what may never happen, is doubting the goodness of Providence: and to suspect an enemy in every person you see, an adder hid beneath every floweret which springs up in your way, shows a bad and gloomy

disposition, and prevents our enjoying the comforts and blessings we have in our possession.

The following example proves the truth of this remark :—

A society of Sparrows took up their abode in a large farm. A field of millet near the house afforded them food in plenty ; and they passed the whole day in the midst of nipping off the ears and cramming themselves with seed.—The old family Cat was always on the watch for them ; she turned, and contrived a thousand ways, but always in vain ; they were too cunning for her ; and the moment she appeared, the whole troop took flight.—How could she manage to catch them ?—our old lady meditated on the means from

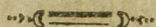
morning to night, and rummaged her poor brain a long time to no purpose; at length she was struck with the idea of a scheme, quite new, and really worthy of her superior abilities and wisdom.

Soaking one of her paws in water, till it was almost like a sponge, she dipped it into a bag of millet seed, and hopping away upon three legs, by a private way, and without making the least noise, she got into the field, lay down on her back, with her paw in the air, and was as still as a mouse.—Her paw looked like a fine ear of millet; and the first sparrow which came in the way, mistook it for one, and began to peck at it; when with the other paw, clack!—the poor bird

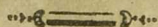
was taken.—She caught twenty by this contrivance.

One of the Sparrows, more cunning than the others, discovered the cheat and avoided the snare; so far he was certainly right, and acted prudently; but, unfortunately, from that day, he imagined every ear of millet was a cat's paw, every thing he saw either poison or snare; he retired into his solitary hole, and never after dared to venture out of it, but suffering from hunger and melancholy, he perished in endeavouring to avoid death.

FABLE XVI.

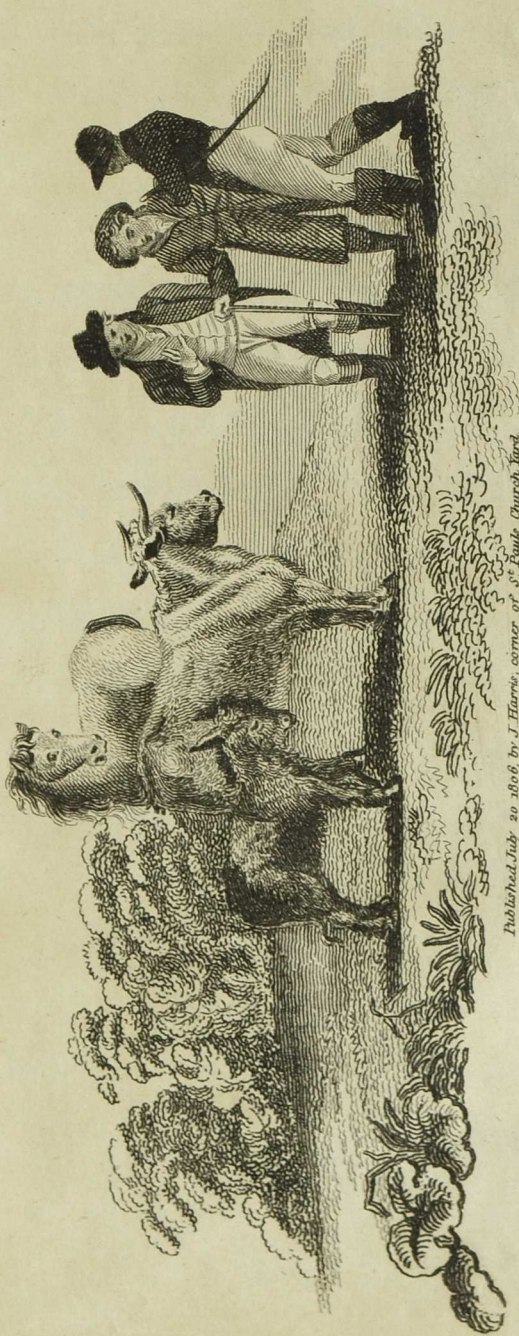


THE OX, THE HORSE, AND THE ASS.



AN Ox, a Horse, and an Ass, entered into a warm dispute on their right of precedence.—An ass! you will exclaim; such pride but ill became him!—but the question is, whether pride is becoming in any one; and is there one among us who does not flatter himself he is equal in merit to those who, by rank, talents, and birth, are considerably elevated above us?

The Ox, in a modest and soft manner, alleged his numerous services,



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his docility; the Courser, his noble blood, and the plates he had won; the Ass, his utility.—“Let mankind be
“our judges,” said the Horse; “here
“are three men coming this way; we
“will set forth our titles; and if two
“of them agree in opinion, we will
“look upon the matter as decided.”

The men being come up to them, the Ox is fixed on to report the case.—He explains the affair, and desires they will pass judgment upon it.—One of the judges happened to be a jockey.—“It is as clear as day,” cried he, “the Horse must have the preference!”

“Not in the least, my dear brother,” said the second judge, (a lusty miller,) “the Ass should certainly

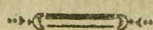
“have it;—it would be extremely unjust to decide otherwise.”

“You are both in the wrong,” exclaimed a farmer of his parish; “to the Ox belongs all honour.”

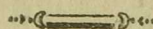
“What do you mean?”—interrupted the Courser, foaming with rage;—“are you guided in your opinion, by your own interest alone?”—

“Bless me!”—said the jockey;—“by what else should we be guided? is it not the ordinary way?”

FABLE XVII.



THE YOUNG HEN AND
THE OLD FOX.



A YOUNG inexperienced Hen, trotting along without reflection, and scratching and pecking as she went, found herself, I know not how, at a great distance from the roost,—peaceful asylum of her infant days !—It was growing late when she perceived how far she had rambled from her home; and wishing to return immediately, she quickened her pace as much as possible, in the hope of escaping a reprimand from her mamma: but she

had not advanced many steps, before she was met by an old Fox.—The poor little pullet, trembling like an aspen leaf, could scarcely support herself, and was very near fainting: but the Fox coming up to her, said in the softest accents:—

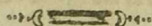
“ Alas! Miss, I am not surprised
“ at the fright my presence has thrown
“ you into;—the conduct of my bre-
“ thren easily accounts for it; they are
“ a set of wicked wretches, infamous
“ robbers, whose thirst for blood has
“ filled the earth with horror:—I can-
“ not reform them; but I do my best,
“ by constant watching and good ad-
“ vice, to preserve the innocent fowls
“ of my acquaintance from the at-
“ tempts of my kinsmen;—I am never

“so happy as when I can be service-
“able; and was just going to your
“house to warn your sisters of a dis-
“agreeable report which prevails, that
“a certain Fox, as wicked as he is
“cunning, intends this very night to
“attack you : but make yourself easy,
“my dear, I watch over you all.”

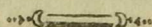
The credulous Hen, delighted at having met with him, conducted him towards the roost : but he had scarcely entered it, when he began to strangle, tear, and devour; — cocks, hens, and chickens all perished !

No vice is more detestable than hypocrisy.

FABLE XVIII.



THE INUNDATION.



THE inhabitants of a rich and populous village, in one of the northern counties of England, appeared, for a time, to be the peculiar care of Providence. As soon as the morning dawned, they went out to work in their fields; and in the evening, happy in the thought of sitting down with their families, returned, singing cheerfully, to their comfortable cottages.

Thus Nature, with a liberal hand, assisted their endeavours; and their labours were repaid by plentiful crops.

—But we are born to suffer some time or other; such is our fate!

It happened one year, in the hottest part of the summer, that, having been a long time without rain, all the productions of the earth were burnt and withered; the ears of corn were quite black, and hung their heads;—not a drop of rain,—not even a little dew fell, to moisten the parched earth; The inhabitants of the village trembled with fear; they expected nothing less than to perish with hunger; they assembled in haste to deliberate on what they should do to prevent the dreadful misfortune with which they were threatened; and, according to custom, talked a great deal to no purpose.

At length an old man, famed for

his wisdom and prudence, addressed his neighbours in the following manner:—

“ My good friends, you may, from
“ this place, see a mountain, not far
“ from the village;—in the heart of it
“ is an immense reservoir of water; go
“ and pierce its sides, but take care
“ what you do, and pierce but few
“ holes, that you may be able to direct
“ the refreshing streams to save your
“ withering corn, and stop it at your
“ pleasure.—Take care! —take care,
“ my sons, go cautiously to work, and
“ remember to let out but little water
“ at a time.”

“ Yes! yes! run, run immediately,”
cried the whole assembly: and a number of young men, armed with mat-

tocks, pick-axes, and other tools, flew directly to the mountain ; which they pierced in a hundred different places at once, and again in as many more. —“ Come, cheer up !—no staying to
“ rest ; we can never let out water
“ enough !”

It was soon done ; and before night, it burst forth with such rapidity, that it rolled in waves over their fields and their gardens.

The astonished troop, transported with pleasure, complimented themselves on the fruit of their labour, and admired the work of their hands : but the next morning, they changed their note ; they saw their corn floating upon the surface of the waters, and it was with great difficulty they quitted the

village, and saved their lives.—“ Every
“ thing was lost !” Their grief knew
no bounds, and they accused the old
man as the cause of the ruin which
surrounded them.

“ It is you,” said they to him, “ who
“ brought this wretchedness upon us :
“ your imprudent counsel——.”

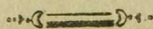
“ It was wholesome,” interrupted
he: “ but what you have done, is
“ as different to the advice I gave
“ you, as it is void of common sense :
“ we wished for a little moisture, and
“ you have opened a sluice upon us.”

Too much of the greatest good may
become a great evil.

FABLE XIX.



THE LINNET.



A HEN Linnet had an only son, whom, according to custom, she adored; he was the only fruit of a happy marriage, and the most beautiful youth ever seen in the country. His mother was foolishly fond of him, and thought of nothing but how she should please and amuse him; in short, whatever he chose to do, she approved of it; and whatever he wished to have, he was indulged in it.

The young gentleman, proud upon these privileges, fancied himself quite

a Phoenix ; gave himself all kinds of airs ; affected to be a person of consequence when in the society of birds of his own age ; ridiculed the Tomtit and the Wren ; answered every one ironically, and drew upon himself the hatred of all the neighbourhood.

His mother advised him to behave with more diffidence ; saying, at the same time, she was not blind to the extraordinary qualifications he was endowed with, but thought it would be more prudent to appear less sensible of the superiority he had over his companions, that they might think the more of them.

To all this our Linnet paid little attention ; he smiled, and answered, by a *bon-mot* : his mother however grew

very uneasy, and began to fear that her darling would not turn out so amiable a character as she had fondly believed he would.

An old Blackbird, a friend of the lady's, to whom she could open her mind without reserve, advised her, in the strongest manner, to let her son take a journey to the great wood; and said she would be answerable that in less than a month, he would be cured of all his faults.

I will leave you to judge of the fears and alarms of the tender mother, and how she wept and trembled for the safety of her child: but the young Linnet was impatient to be away; he longed to travel; and, notwithstand-

ing her tears, set off in the utmost haste.

Our little personage was no sooner arrived in the forest, but hearing a Woodpecker singing on the bough of a tree, he thought proper to mock him. The Woodpecker, who did not relish the joke, came up to him, and with half a dozen good strokes of his bill, began to feather the jeerer; and two days afterwards, a Magpie cured him entirely of the inclination he had for mocking.

He had now no fault left, but the secret vanity of believing himself the first singer in the world; and a Nightingale and a Goldfinch soon convinced him of his error. In short, he return-

THE SHEEP & THE DOG.

page 63.



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ed to his mother—gentle, polite, modest, and amiable.

In this manner, adversity did him more good in one moment, than all the lessons he had ever had in his life.

FABLE XX.



THE SHEEP AND THE DOG



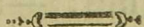
Two old friends, a Sheep and a Dog, talking over the incidents of their unfortunate lives, as they met one evening in the corner of a field;—

“I weep and tremble,” said the sheep,
“whenever I reflect on our miserable
“destiny: you, my friend, the slave
“of Man, always submissive, good-

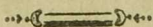
“natured, and faithful;—the reward
“of your zeal is blows, and often
“death: whilst I, who furnish them
“yearly with wool to clothe and warm
“them, have the grief of seeing, every
“morning, some one of my family
“assassinated by these wicked, un-
“grateful monsters, and their brothers
“the Wolves devour the rest:—Vic-
“tims of their inhumanity, we work
“for them, and die by their hands.—
“Such is our unlucky fate!”

“It is true,” replied the Dog:—
“but do you think the authors of our
“misery are happier than we are?—
“No, no, my dear friend; believe me,
“it is much less painful to suffer ills,
“than to bear the reflection of having
“inflicted them.”

FABLE XXI.



THE HARE, HIS FRIENDS, AND
THE TWO STAGS.



A HARE of a very amiable disposition, desired extremely to have a great number of friends. *A great number!* you will say, it would be a difficult business;—*one* sincere friend, is a rarity!—I agree with you: but our Hare had this whim, and was not to be persuaded out of it.

His whole thoughts were employed on what he should do to oblige one or another. If a Rabbit happened to pass by, in a moment he was sure to accost

him.—“ My dear cousin, I have some
“ delightful wild thyme near my habi-
“ tation; do me the favour of break-
“ fasting with me:”—and if he saw
a Horse grazing in a field, he went
immediately to him;—“ Perhaps,” said
he “ my lord is thirsty;—at the foot
“ of that mountain is a lake whose
“ transparent waters are never ruffled
“ by the slightest breeze: permit
“ me to have the honour of shewing
“ your lordship the shortest way to
“ it.”

In this manner, complaisant, ear-
nest to oblige, zealous to serve every
animal he saw,—Horses, Sheep, Deer,
Cows, he hoped to make a faithful
friend of each of them, and thought
they all loved him, because, from the

goodness of his heart, he felt a disposition to love every one.

On a certain day sleeping peaceably in his hole, he was suddenly roused from his slumber by the noise of horns. —He decamped in an instant; and four dogs whom the huntsman excited by every means to pursue him, sprang forward like lightning. The poor Hare ran with incredible swiftness over the fallow ground,—now forward, then returning to the same place, to throw out the dogs; at length gaining ground, he stopped to breathe,—his eyes and ears constantly on the watch in hopes of seeing some one of his many friends pass by. It was not long before he perceived a Rabbit in the copse; one whom he had always

treated as his brother, and from whom he thought himself certain of meeting with assistance.

“For pity’s sake,” cried he, “save my life; afford me an asylum in this distressing moment; open your hospitable door to me, I entreat you; you see the perilous——!”

“Oh dear! how sorry I am,” replied the Rabbit with the utmost tranquillity and indifference, “that I cannot offer you a lodging at this moment; my wife is lying-in; and what with her relations and my own, who are come to visit us on this agreeable event, my house is nearly full;—I pity you most sincerely:—adieu, my dear friend!”

Saying this, he left him; and the

sound of the horn, with the clamour of dogs and huntsmen, were again heard.

Once more our poor Puss set forward, and soon met with a Bull, to whom he had a hundred times occasionally rendered service, and begged him in the most supplicating manner to prevent, for a moment, the furious pack from following him; saying, he was sure they would be afraid of his horns.

“Alas!” said the Bull,—“I would
“do it with all my heart, but a beautiful heifer, with whom I am engaged to spend the afternoon, is waiting for me in the wood:—there!—I
“hear her call me;—I am sorry I cannot stay; another time, you may

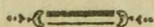
“command me:—adieu, my good
“friend!”

The Hare, almost bréathless, implored the compassion of a Deer, a Goat, and a dozen Sheep;—sure friends, as he vainly imagined; but who scarcely listened to him; they were so frightened at the noise of the horns:—and the poor unfortunate, deserted animal, having lost his strength and his courage, was on the point of throwing himself into the midst of the pack, when two young Stags, reposing in the wood, under the shade of the same tree, heard the voices of the huntsmen;—one of them appeared;—the sanguinary pack forgot the Hare, to chase him; the huntsman in a rage endeavoured to call them off, but to no

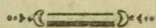
purpose ; they followed the Stag ; who taking a wide circuit, returned to the wood where his companion was waiting for him, and who now took his place.—In this manner they replaced each other the whole day, till the dogs, fatigued with running to no purpose, and the hunters ashamed, thought the only thing left for them to do, was to return home. The Hare, still panting with fear, repeated to the two Stags how his numerous friends had abandoned him in his danger and distress.

“ We are not surprised at it,” answered they : “ but where is the use of so many friends, who only bear the name ? *One* sincere one is quite enough.”

FABLE XXII.



THE PEACOCK, THE TWO GOSLINGS,
AND THE DIVER.



A PEACOCK, taking his morning walk with his beautiful tail spread, drew the attention and admiration of all the birds who saw him. Two snuffling Goslings in the bottom of a marsh, jealous of his fine feathers, chose to be blind to his beauties, and to perceive nothing but his defects.

“ Pray look,” said one of them,
“ what frightful legs he has ; and what
“ hideous flat feet !”

“ And his scream,” said the other,

“is so melodious, that the very
“screech-owls are frightened at it!”

And then they laughed at their own
wit.

A Diver suddenly joined them.—
“Young gentlemen,” said he, “if
“you were a league off, you would
“pretend to see the defects of the Pea-
“cock. I must confess you are clear-
“sighted; but your song, your legs,
“your feet, are not better than his,—
“and you have not his tail.”

FABLE XXIII.



THE SQUIRREL, THE DOG,
AND THE FOX.



A PRETTY little Squirrel, was the companion and affectionate friend of a fine Danish Dog. One day as they were travelling together, night overtook them, in the midst of a large wood. There was no inn near them, and they were very much embarrassed to find a place to sleep in.—At last the Dog got into the hollow of an old oak; and the Squirrel climbed up to one of its highest branches, where he seated himself very commodiously.

About midnight, a long time after the two friends had bidden each other good night, and were fast asleep, an old greedy Fox arrived at the foot of the tree; and, raising his snout, perceived the Squirrel upon the branch: he devoured him with his eyes, and licked his lips, which he longed to moisten with the blood of the pretty little animal; but he could not get at him.

Unable to climb the tree, he thought he would endeavour by some fine words, some flattering and tender expressions, to engage him to come down;—"My
"sweet friend," said he, softening his rough voice,—
"pardon me, I en-
"treat you, if I interrupt your slum-
"bers; but I am so transported with

“pleasure, that I cannot contain my
“joy. — I am your cousin-german:
“your mother was my dear deceased
“father’s sister. — The worthy man,
“alas! in his last moments, how
“strongly did he recommend it to me
“to seek his nephew, and share with
“him the small fortune he had to
“leave me. Come then, my dear
“cousin, and by a tender embrace
“complete the happiness I feel at thus
“unexpectedly meeting with so near
“and dear a relation. — If I could get
“up to you, believe me, I should soon
“be with you.”

Squirrels are not stupid animals;
and this one did not want for cunning;
he understood the meaning of the
crafty fellow, and answered him in

his own style and with equal softness.—

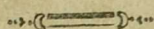
“ I am dying with impatience to
“ embrace you, my dear cousin.—I
“ am coming down to you immedi-
“ ately; but I would have a faithful
“ friend be witness to my satisfaction;
“ I must present him to you;—he is a
“ relation who had the kindness to
“ take care of me in my infancy, and
“ has been my guide and companion
“ ever since.

“ He is asleep in the trunk of that
“ tree;—knock gently; I am sure you
“ will be delighted to be acquainted
“ with him.”

Master Fox knocked directly, hoping he should have two squirrels to munch instead of one: but the faith-

ful Dog springing out of the tree, caught and strangled him in a moment.

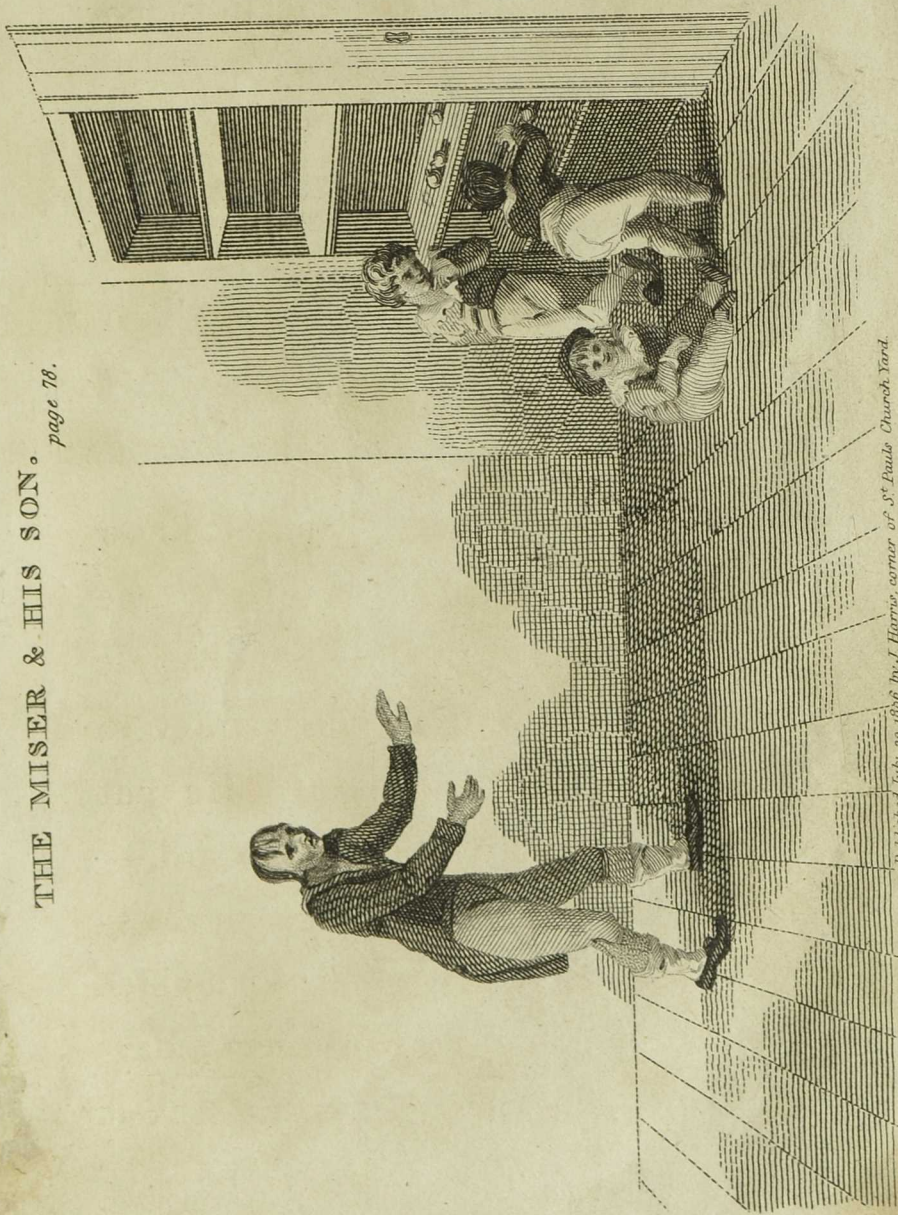
FABLE XXIV.



THE MISER AND HIS SON.



By an extraordinary chance, I know not how it happened, a Miser, one fine day, took it into his head to regale himself, and went to the market to buy himself some apples. He put them immediately into his cupboard,—reckoned them, ranged them in rows, and reckoned them again;—double-locked the door, and paid them a daily visit.—This miserable man, vexed



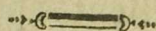
at having put himself to so much expence, could not prevail upon himself to eat his apples whilst they were good ; but whenever he found a rotten one, with a deep sigh, he took it out to eat it.

His son, a school-boy, whom he half starved, discovered the old man's hoard, and, having got possession of the key, followed by two of his friends, youths of excellent appetites, he was not long in getting at it. You may judge of the havock they made, and how many apples disappeared.—The Miser, always suspicious and watchful, caught them in the midst of their entertainment, and panting with fear and grief, — “ My apples ! ” cried he, — “ my apples ! — Rascals, give me my

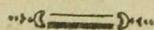
“apples, or I will have you all hang-
“ed.”—

“Father,”—said the boy,—“com-
“pose yourself, I beg you;—what
“injury have we done you?—we have
“only taken the sound ones.

FABLE XXV.



THE YOUNG APE AND THE NUT.



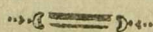
A YOUNG Ape having gathered a
nut in its green shell, and put it be-
tween her teeth to crack it, made a
frightful grimace.—“Ah! certainly,”
said she, “my mother told a mon-
“strous fib, when she assured me

“that nuts were such good things:
“after this, who will give faith to the
“nonsense of old folks, who are al-
“ways deceiving young people, and
“giving them false ideas?—the deuce
“take the fruit for me!”

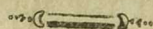
Saying this, she threw away the nut, which a Monkey immediately picked up, cracked it between two stones, took out the kernel, and ate it.

“Your mother was right, my dear,” said he;—“nuts are extremely good,
“but they must be opened before you
“can eat them; and let me advise
“you to remember, in going through
“life, if you will not give yourself a
“little trouble, you never will enjoy
“pleasure, or comfort.”

FABLE XXVI.



THE RABBIT AND THE TEAL.



UNITED from their tender infancy by the strongest ties of friendship, a Rabbit and a Teal lived happy and contented. The Rabbit's burrow was in the skirts of a fine park, near the edge of a river.

Every morning the two good friends, availing themselves of the vicinity of their habitations, met together under the shade of a tree, near the Rabbit's burrow, or by the side of the transparent water; there they enjoyed their

frugal repast, and chatted over the news of the day,—but found no conversation so agreeable and interesting as the assurances they constantly gave each other of everlasting love and friendship. All they possessed, was in common between them,—pleasures, pain, vexation. If one were ill, the other felt his sufferings; if he had the prospect of any good, they both enjoyed it by anticipation.—Such was their happiness; when one day,—one dreadful day! the Rabbit going to dine with the Teal, missed his dear friend.—Uneasy at not finding her, he called her several times, but no one answered.—Seized with terror, he ran from one place to another, with piercing cries and bitter lamentations,

scarcely knowing what he did or said ;
—now seeking amongst the rushes,
now bending over the water, and ready
to plunge into it, in the hope of finding
his friend.—“Alas!” cried he, “do
“you not hear me?—answer me, my
“sister,—my dear companion!—in a
“few moments I shall be no more!
“for I would rather die than suffer so
“much anxiety.”

Saying this, he ran weeping along
the banks of the river, till he arrived
at the castle belonging to the lord of
the manor: — there our disconsolate
Rabbit found himself in the midst of
a beautiful garden, and perceived, not
far from him, a large aviary, in which
were hundreds of different kinds of
birds. The faithful friend, fearless of

danger, (for, real friendship increases our courage,) boldly approached the gilt wires of the aviary, peeped into it, and—oh! happiness!—recognized the Teal.

A scream of joy escaped him; but, instead of losing time in talking to her, he made such good use of his feet, that he had, in a very short time, formed a subterraneous passage, by which he entered the aviary, ran to his amiable friend, and led her into the obscure path; whence he soon brought her into day-light.—What a happy moment! I wish I could paint their joy;—but I am not equal to such a task. They went home, imagining they had nothing more to fear:—but, alas! their troubles were not yet ended.

The master of the garden perceiving what had happened, declared he would destroy every rabbit upon his estate.—“My guns! my guns!”—cried he, in dreadful anger:—and immediately guns and ferrets were got ready.

The game-keeper and the dogs went into the copses, searching the burrows, the brambles, and the hedges. Every rabbit they found, was put to death.—Night came on, and all the blood they had shed was insufficient to still the rage of the lord of the manor, who determined to defer no longer than the next day, to finish the horrible carnage.

In the mean time, our Rabbit sitting close by the side of the Teal, in trembling expectation of his last mo-

ment, conjured her to fly to the other side of the river, that she might not see him die.

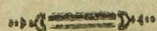
“ I never will leave you,” answered the bird ; — “ separation would be worse than death. Ah ! if you could but get over that water !—and why not ?—stay a little.”—

The Teal left him for a moment, and returned, dragging after her an old nest which had been left by some ducks among the flags. She filled it with leaves, pressed them down with her feet and her bill, and at length completed a little boat, capable of supporting a tolerable weight ; a reed served as a cable ; and, the light skiff being launched into the water, the Rabbit gently seated himself in it, and

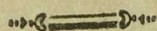
the Teal, swimming before it, with the reed in her bill, drew along the little bark, so precious, and so dear to her heart.

The Rabbit was safely landed on the other side; and they soon chose an asylum, where they spent the rest of their days in perfect happiness; and their lives became doubly valuable by the reflection of each having owed theirs to the other.

FABLE XXVII.



THE TWO BALD-HEADS.



ON a certain day, two bald-headed men saw a piece of ivory shining in a corner:—each wished to have it; they disputed which of the two had the best right to it, and which had first perceived it. Both maintained their claims, and, from small words, came to blows; and the blows were so violent, that the battle was soon ended.

You will easily suppose, that the conqueror lost, in the contest, the few straggling grey hairs he had left.—

The object of the quarrel was brought forward to the light:—it was an ivory comb!

FABLE XXVIII.

...C=====D...

COLIN'S FLOCK OF SHEEP.

...C=====D...

At the first dawn of a fine summer morning, Colin left the hamlet where he lived, to conduct his flock to their usual pasturage; but was surprised to find a small rivulet which lay in his road, so much increased by a heavy rain, which had fallen in the night, that it was become a rapid torrent.

How was he to get over this water?

COLIN'S FLOCK OF SHEEP. *page 90.*



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the sheep, the shepherd, the dog, all were stopped on its bank:—By making a little circuit, Colin knew he should find a bridge, which, though the longest, would have been the safest way: but he chose to shorten his road, and thinking he could easily jump over the river, and that his sheep were strong and well able to do so, he had no doubt but the lambs would follow.

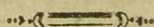
Colin sprang to the other side without difficulty; his dog followed him; the Rams tried which could get first; the Ewes were all hurry and bustle; and the shepherd, proud of his contrivance, excited them to hasten over.

The Rams jumped over very well; but the Ewes and the Lambs, the old,

the weak, the fearful, and the stubborn (of which there are in every flock a great number), either did not exert themselves, or suffered anger to overcome their strength,—I know not which; but, either from weakness or vexation, they failed in the attempt, and fell into the river;—half of them were drowned, the other half ran away, and fell to the share of the cruel wolf.

Colin, reduced to indigence and want, perceived, when too late, that indolence generally produces poverty, and that the *shortest* way is not *always* the *best*.

FABLE XXIX.

THE TWO COUNTRYMEN
AND THE CLOUD.

“HODGE,” said Simon, in a melancholy tone, to his neighbour, as they were at work in their fields;—“my
“good friend Hodge, pray look at
“that enormous black Cloud there.—
“Well, it is a frightful token of a
“shocking misfortune.”

“How so?” enquired Hodge.

“How so! do you not see the
“Cloud?—Either I am an ignorant
“blockhead, or we are going to have
“a dreadful shower of hail, which
“will destroy every thing;—our ap-

“ ples, our barley, our wheat, all our
“ harvest, will be lost in a moment;
“ nothing will be left; and in less than
“ three months, a horrid famine will
“ desolate our village,—and then the
“ plague will attack us,—and then we
“ shall all perish !”

“ The plague !” said Hodge ; —
“ softly, softly ; make yourself easy,
“ friend Simon ; I do not see any thing
“ like it : and if I may give you my
“ opinion of the matter, I think it
“ will turn out quite the contrary.
“ That Cloud brings no hail, Simon,
“ but soft refreshing showers, which,
“ you know, we are so much in want
“ of.—Our fields will be watered ; we
“ shall have three times as many apples
“ as usual, twice as much hay, and as

“ much again of corn as we had last
“ year.—We shall all grow rich,—and
“ want for nothing, — unless it be
“ hogsheads to put our cyder in.”

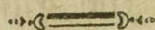
“ You see things in a very favourable
“ light, Master Hodge,” said Simon
angrily.

“ I suppose,” answered Hodge,—
“ every one has a right to see with his
“ own eyes !”

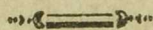
“ Oh, since you take it thus, I shall
“ not say another word:—let him laugh
“ that wins.—Thank God, I am not
“ the weeper.

They both grew warm, and were
very near coming to blows; when a
light breeze springing up, carried the
Cloud far away, and they had neither
hail nor rain.

FABLE XXX.



THE CAT AND THE RATS.



A LADY had a favourite Cat, which she fed so well, and pampered with so many delicacies, that she never thought of giving herself any trouble, either about Rats or Mice: and the Rats, convinced of her indulgence,—her indolence,—ran about the house, and trotted up and down, as if they had been at home. One day as our pursy Grimalkin was taking her nap in a solitary garret, after an extraordinarily good dinner, and having been a long time at table; several Rats came into it,

to enjoy their usual repast among the corn.

The Cat sleeping soundly, and not moving a limb, the giddy party fancied she was afraid of them, and the orator of the troop began to speak of the whole race with the utmost contempt.—He was extremely applauded;—they all flocked about him, and proclaimed him their general.—Climbing upon a sack of corn, which served him as a tribunal;—“My brave friends,” cried he, “let us fly to vengeance!”—“we must all, by this time, be tired of corn.—Let us swear henceforth to eat nothing but cats.—I have been told they are excellent, and we will feast upon them.”

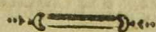
At these words, inspired by the

same heroic and warlike fervour, they all at once sprang upon the old Cat:—but it would have been well for them if they had not roused their sleeping enemy.

Puss, as you may suppose, in spite of her indolence, was too much enraged at their boldness to let them live; they were soon laid in the dust,—generals, tribunes, and soldiers!

Only two Rats escaped; who said, as they were flying towards their holes,—
“One should never provoke even the
“most civil and gracious enemy;—in
“wishing to gain *every thing*, we
“have lost what was in our possession,
“and might quietly have enjoyed.”

FABLE XXXI.



THE PRIEST OF JUPITER.



A PRIEST of Jupiter, had two daughters;—they were pretty girls, and (which was much better) were very good and amiable, and he wished exceedingly to see them married and settled comfortably;—their fortunes were small, for the Priest was not rich; and they did not look very high.

A young Gardener presented himself for the eldest: and very soon after her marriage, the younger one became the wife of a Potter.—Each being settled in the house of her husband, the father

went to pay them a visit.—“ Good-
“ morning to you, daughter,” said
he as he entered ;—“ I am come to see
“ how you are ; to know whether the
“ choice I have made for you, is likely
“ to render you as happy as I wish you
“ to be ; and to ask you, if you want
“ any thing, which it may be in my
“ power to procure for you.”

“ You never made a better bargain,”
— answered the Gardener’s wife ; —
“ My house is the abode of peace and
“ content ; my husband loves me, and
“ I endeavour to deserve his affection ;
“ so that we are the happiest couple in
“ the world ; we have nothing to wish
“ for,—unless for a little rain to bring
“ forward our artichokes.”

“ Is that all ? ”

“Yes, indeed.”

“Very well; you shall be satisfied,” said the old man. “To-morrow I am to celebrate a feast in honour of Jupiter; I will speak a word to him.—Adieu! daughter.”

“Adieu! father.”

From the house of the Gardener, he went to the Potter's, to question his youngest daughter, as he had done her sister, concerning her husband, and her domestic concerns.

“Oh!” answered she;—“You will see nothing under my roof but industry, health, and happiness; every thing prospers with us;—we sell our goods as fast as we can get them finished. Our only wish is, that the golden beams of the sun should vi-

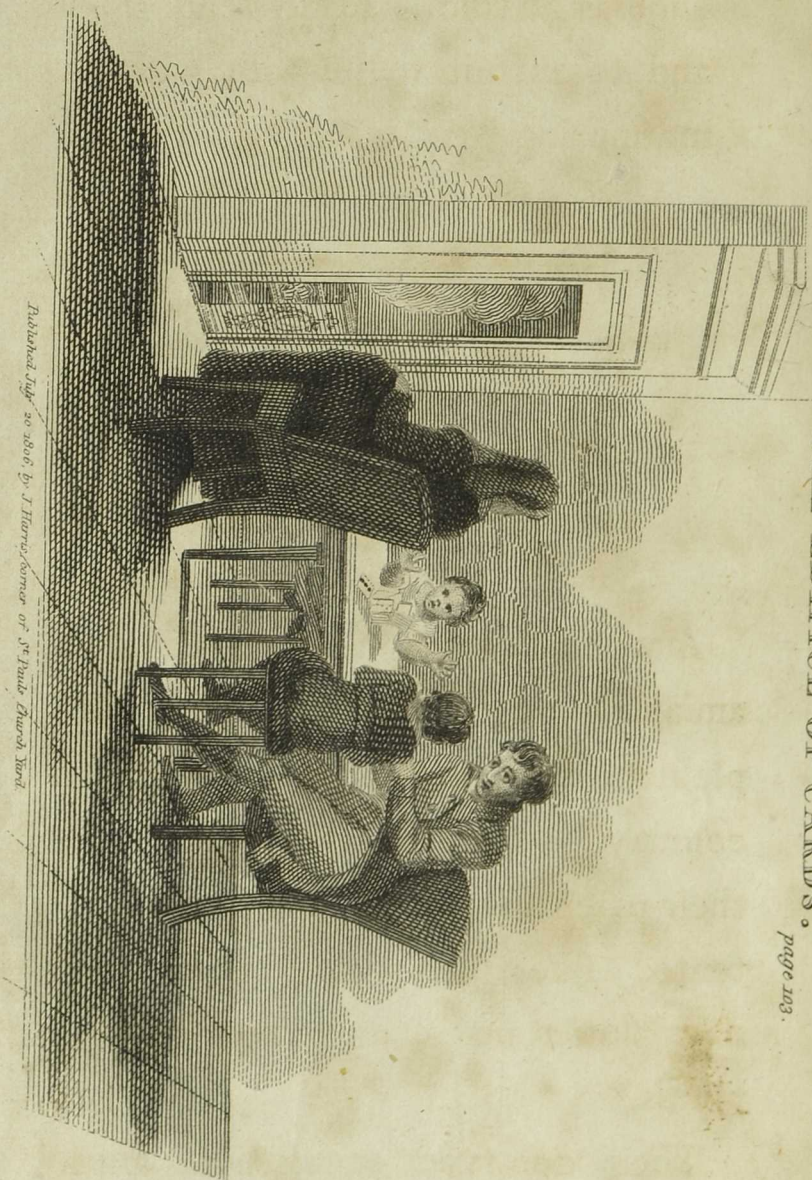
“ sit us a little oftener, to dry our
“ ware.—You, pontiff of the god
“ whom all obey, obtain for us, I be-
“ seech you, the only thing we have
“ to desire ;—speak for us to Jupiter.”

“ Most willingly, my daughter ;
“ but,—I do not very well know how
“ I can comply with the wishes of both
“ my children :—You ask me to obtain
“ fine weather for you ; your sister de-
“ sires rain.

“ I will ask for neither, lest I
“ should err ;—Jupiter knows much
“ better, than we do ourselves, what
“ is for our good ; and to pretend to
“ direct him, would be the height
“ of folly.

“ Let us learn to be contented with
“ the weather, and every other thing

THE EDIFICE OF CARDS.
page 103.



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“such as he thinks fit to send it,—
“and to submit to his will, without
“murmuring.”

FABLE XXXII.

==D==

THE EDIFICE OF CARDS.

==D==

A WORTHY man, his wife, and two amiable children, occupied a plain simple dwelling, in a retired part of the country; — they had inherited it from their parents, who were quiet and contented like themselves; and their days flowed on in uninterrupted happiness.

Their domestic occupations amu-

sed and employed them agreeably; they cultivated their garden, gathered in their harvest, and in the summer evenings, when the labour of the day was over, supped under the shade of a spreading tree which grew near their cottage.

In winter, seated round their warm hearth, they conversed with their children on wisdom and virtuous actions, and pointed out to them the impossibility of obtaining true happiness by any other means. The father sometimes enlivened his discourse by repeating an entertaining tale, the mother by a caress.

The eldest child, naturally grave and studious, read, and reflected continually on what he had been reading;

the younger one lively and giddy, but amiable and engaging, jumped about and laughed and played from morning to night.

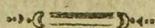
One evening, sitting with their father and mother round the table according to custom, the eldest boy was soon deeply engaged with a volume of Rollin; his brother, who had no ambition to be made acquainted with the grand exploits either of the Romans or the Parthians, employed his whole judgment, all his art, to join the four sides of a frail Card Edifice: he was afraid to move, or even to breathe, so much was he occupied with his building, and so desirous of accomplishing it; when the *student* suddenly stopped, to desire his father would have the

goodness to explain to him, why some certain warriors are called Conquerors, and others Founders of Empires.

The father was reflecting on a proper answer; when his youngest son, transported with joy at having succeeded so far as to place a second story on the first, cried,—“It is finished!” The elder brother, displeased at the interruption, with one single stroke destroyed the whole fabric;—the other burst into tears.

“My son,” replied the father,—
“Your brother was the Founder, you
“are the Conqueror.”

FABLE XXXIII.



THE LITTLE DOG.



WE are often the dupes of our vanity and self-conceit: I recollect many anecdotes which prove the truth of what I advance:—I will give you one of them.

In old times, after a bloody war, in which, notwithstanding their valorous deeds, hundreds of Lions were laid in the dust; the Elephant reigned monarch of the forest.

The conqueror, an able politician, wishing to prevent the smallest cause of civil disputes in future, exiled the

whole race of Lions from his vast territories ; and the edict was immediately proclaimed.

The Lions, weakened and depressed by their ill fortune, submitted to the order, and abandoned their country.— A little old Dog, of the beautiful kind, whose long silken hair falls in waves to the middle of their backs, breathed out his complaints and melancholy in the following manner :—

“ I must forsake you then, O my
“ beloved household gods !—a barba-
“ rian, without respecting my advan-
“ ced age, obliges me to abandon the
“ spot I was born in ; and without
“ friends, without support, I must
“ travel into a strange land, my eyes
“ drowned in tears ; and beg for a

“ tomb, which I shall perhaps be re-
“ fused.—O, tyrant!——but it is your
“ will, and I must go!”

A Barbette who heard him, and was affected by his distress, asked him, what motive obliged him to fly his country?

“ What obliges me?—oh, heavens!
“ —have you not heard of the severe
“ edict which drives us for ever from
“ this happy spot?”

“ *Us?*”

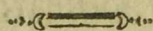
“ Not *you*, but *me*.”

“ How *you*, my dear brother? what
“ have *you* to do with the edict?

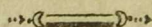
“ What a question!—am *I* not a
“ Lion*?”

* They are called Lion-Dogs.

FABLE XXXIV.



THE LEOPARD AND THE SQUIRREL.



A SQUIRREL, heedlessly skipping and jumping upon an oak, from one bough to another, slipped his foot by an unfortunate accident, and fell down upon an old Leopard, who was taking his afternoon's nap.——I leave you to judge of his fright.

The angry animal started up surprised, and the poor little Squirrel, falling upon his knees, looked very little and humble in his highness's presence.

After having considered him some time, the Leopard said to him: "I will

“ give you your life : but it is on con-
“ dition that you tell me, how it is
“ that *you* are always so gay ; and why
“ *I* am doomed to envy you the plea-
“ sure and happiness which crown
“ your days, whilst *I*, king of the fo-
“ rest, am melancholy and dejected.”

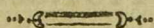
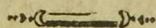
“ Sire,” answered the Squirrel,—
“ your generosity obliges me to tell
“ you the exact truth, without dis-
“ guise : but before I begin to speak,
“ I wish to be seated on one of the
“ high branches of that tree.”

“ With all my heart ;—I consent to
“ it ;—get up.”

“ Here I am :—and now I will make
“ you acquainted with the grand se-
“ cret by which I have obtained the
“ gaiety and happiness which never

“quit me.—It is by leading a life of
“innocence:—*I* am totally free from
“all evil propensities, and my heart
“is gay because it is pure.—*You*, on
“the contrary, know nothing of the
“supreme delight of lying down to
“sleep, free from crime and remorse; *you*
“devour every animal you meet with,
“whilst *I* divide with other squirrels,
“my leaves, and my fruit;—*you* live
“in hatred,—*I* in love and friendship.
“Be convinced of a truth I heard
“from my father:—When our happiness
“arises from a life of virtue, our
“dispositions will always produce
“gaiety and serenity.”

FABLE XXXV.

THE CROCODILE AND
THE STURGEON.

As two beautiful children were amusing themselves on the banks of the Nile, with making ducks-and-drakes on the water, a frightful Crocodile sprang upon them, and snapped up one in an instant; the other escaped, weeping and bewailing the loss of his little companion.

An honest and worthy Sturgeon, who had been witness to this tragedy, retired full of horror, and hid himself under the waves. It was not long be-

fore he heard the guilty animal groaning and sighing bitterly.

“The monster feels some remorse,” said he;—“oh, Providence! thou avengest innocence; why dost thou not protect it?—The villain weeps over the crime he has committed;—I think this may be a proper moment to preach penitence; I will go and talk to him.”

Full of compassion, our pious Sturgeon advanced towards the Crocodile. “Weep,” cried he; “weep for your misdeeds; give up your merciless heart to remorse and repentance; miserable wretch!—Eat a child!—I shudder at the thought;—and I perceive how much you are shocked

“ by the recollection of what you have
“ done.”

“ Yes,”—answered the murderer,—
“ I do weep, indeed, that I should
“ have been so stupid as to miss the
“ other.”

Such are the regrets of the wicked.

FABLE XXXVI.

THE COW-BOY AND THE
GAME-KEEPER.

GILES was sent out to watch his father's Cows: he was very tired of the employment; for he did not like being

alone in the fields; and, moreover, preferred any work to that which he was ordered to do.

“ Since the first peep of day,” said a Game-keeper, coming out of the wood, — “ I have been scouring that plain after an old buck; I have missed him twice, and he has put me quite out of breath.”

“ He is just gone down the other way,” answered Giles; — “ but if you are tired, rest yourself a bit; — if you will take care of my Cows, I will be answerable for killing the Buck for you.”

“ With all my heart; — here is my gun; take my dog with you.”

Giles got ready, called Sultan, and Sultan, though not very willingly,

quitted his master, to follow him to the forest.

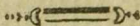
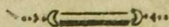
The dog beat the bushes; he went forward and came back again, ran, stopped;—at length they found the Buck.—The impatient Giles fired upon the animal, but missed him and wounded Sultan; he followed the poor dog to the meadow, where he found the Game-keeper sound asleep;—no Cows to be seen;—they had been stolen during his absence.

Giles, tearing his hair, and weeping bitterly, rambled over hill and dale, but without discovering what he wanted. At night, without his Cows, and ashamed of what he had done, he returned to his father, and told him his disaster; who, taking his stick

from behind the door, corrected him severely; saying,

“If every one would mind their
“own business, the Cows would be
“better taken care of.”

FABLE XXXVII.

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THE CATERPILLAR.
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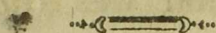
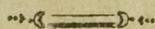
ONE day a great number of animals having met together, several of them praised the extraordinary talent of the Silk-worm. — “What nicety,” said they, “that insect displays in composing those threads so fine, so soft, so beautiful!—what a treasure to man-

“kind!”—Every one spoke of her ingenuity, and the wonderful delicacy of her work.

The Caterpillar was the only one who found the least fault with it, and, to the astonishment of the animals, criticised what they had been praising so warmly, and larded her observations with so many *buts* and *ifs*, that they all stared at each other,—till a sly old Fox, who sat biting his nails in the corner, cried out:

“Gentlemen, do not stare so;—the
“matter is easily explained—the lady
“also spins.

FABLE XXXVIII.

THE TURTLE-DOVE AND
THE LINNET.

A YOUNG and handsome Linnet, who had the finest voice in the whole country, amused herself the live-long day by singing. A Dove who was her neighbour, had no desire to acquire any talents; her only wish was for admiration; therein she placed her whole happiness:—to be told she was charming, to be followed by all the Doves and Pigeons who inhabited the wood she lived in, praising the beauty of her plumage, the lustre of

her eyes, and the grace and elegance of her form; this was, in her opinion, the only pleasure worth living for.

“ I am sorry for the error you are
“ in,” said she to the Linnet;—“ you
“ are losing the most valuable moments
“ of your life;—there is but one thing
“ in the world worthy of pursuit, and
“ that is, to be admired. Tell me, I
“ beg you, which of your finest songs
“ can charm the ear half so much as
“ the murmurs of admiration excited
“ by the entrance of a handsome bird
“ into an assembly?”

“ I will not presume to make the
“ comparison,” answered the song-
stress:—“ but I am not in the least to
“ be pitied, for I find all the pleasure
“ I wish for in singing on the bough

“of a tree, in our pleasant and retired
“part of the wood.”

At this discourse, the Turtle, with a look of the utmost contempt, flew away in search of new conquests; and ten long years passed over their heads before they met again.

It was on a fine spring-morning in the same wood, in which they had spent their young days.

Age had made some little havock in their features, and they looked some time without recollecting each other. At length the Linnet, always polite and well bred, advanced towards her old acquaintance.

“Good morning to you, my dear;
“how have you been this long time?
“and how go on the admirers?”

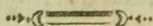
“ Oh ! my dear friend,—my best
“ days slipped away, all vanished like
“ a shadow !—I imagined the whole
“ business of life was to create admi-
“ ration ; oh ! cruel reflection !—vain
“ regrets !—I have still the same wish,
“ but none admire ; I flutter about as
“ usual, but am not perceived ; my
“ beauty is gone :—it was all I pos-
“ sessed !”

“ My loss is less than yours,” an-
swered the Linnet : — “ however, I
“ am old, and my voice is gone, but
“ I still am delighted with music, and
“ am extremely happy when the
“ Nightingale makes the woods re-
“ sound with his charming melody.”

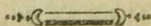
Beauty without accomplishments,

will never prevent our feeling many tedious hours and moments of lassitude in the course of even a single day.—Beauty passes away, but accomplishments remain, and give you also the power of enjoying those possessed by others.

FABLE XXXIX.



THE GRASSHOPPER.



“It is fixed!—I quit the world!—I
 “am determined to fly for ever from
 “the sight of the crimes and hor-
 “rors which daily hurt my eyes and
 “wound my heart!—In a deep re-

“ tirement far removed from vice,—
“ far from such frauds and violence, I
“ will pass my days quietly; abhor-
“ ring the wickedness of those, alas!
“ too well known to me.

“ I believe I am the only good and
“ virtuous creature on this earth,—
“ and in every thing which breathes I
“ have an enemy;—the whole universe
“ wishes to hurt me;—men, children,
“ animals, even the smallest bird
“ which flies, endeavour to annoy me:
“ and what have I done?—all the
“ good in my power, to a set of un-
“ grateful monsters!—They will one
“ day regret me: but I shall be dead,
“ and it will be too late.”

In this manner a hypocondriacal
Grasshopper, who thought herself pos-

sessed of more merit than all the rest of the world, lamented and bewailed herself.

“ What has put all this in your head,
“ sister ?” said one of her companions ;
“ cannot you live contentedly in this
“ charming country, feeding on the
“ sweet flowers with which the mea-
“ dow abounds, without troubling
“ yourself with what is passing in the
“ world ?—I know very well that it is
“ wicked enough ;—so it always was
“ and, notwithstanding all you say, so
“ it will remain.—As to your anger
“ against the numerous enemies, who,
“ you seem to imagine, have nothing
“ to do but contrive how to injure you,
“ I think, my dear sister, *entre nous*, it
“ may be nothing more than a fancy,

“and that pride often occasions our
“having such whims.”

Disdaining to make any answer to what she called such ridiculous arguments, the Grasshopper set off immediately, and abandoned for ever her native country, her family and friends.

She hopped two whole days to gain two hundred steps: but she thought herself got into another hemisphere, amongst unknown nations; respectfully hailed the foreign land, and admired the charming climate. A great number of ears of wheat, on stems five feet from the ground, were waving round the place where she stood.

“Ah!” cried she, transported with joy, “how fortunate! this will just
“suit me! in this gloomy copse, I

“shall find a solitary retreat, a sure
“asylum from my enemies.”

Saying this, she hopped into the corn, and thought herself in security: but as soon as the morning began to dawn, a numerous troop of Reapers came, singing and laughing, into the field; and beginning their work, with noisy mirth and clamour, the corn fell beneath the reap-hook, piled in heaps, and discovered the earth and naked furrows.

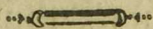
“Alas!” cried the melancholy Grasshopper; “this at least is a
“proof of the universal hatred, which
“follows me, wherever I go. I am
“scarcely arrived in this country,
“when a whole colony of enemies
“come down upon me; making use

“ of the most horrible contrivances to
“ prevent my escape, they even ravage
“ their property rather than lose their
“ victim ; and would, I really believe,
“ prefer setting fire to it, if it became
“ necessary.

“ Gentlemen ! here I am,” said she,
showing herself to them ;—“ I deliver
“ myself up to your wrath : finish
“ your great work !”

One of the Reapers perceiving her
at that moment, stooped down, took
her in his hand, and throwing her into
the midst of a tuft of wild flowers,
said : “ Go, poor little thing ; go,
“ and eat your breakfast.”

FABLE XL.

THE DERVISE, THE CROW,
AND THE FALCON.

ONE of those pious recluses, whose hearts, disengaged from the vanities of the world, have vowed to renounce the wealth they never had, to live upon that of other people; a Dervise, in short, going on his way, and praying as he went, was suddenly stopped by the cries of a young Crow, whose cruel and unnatural parents had forsaken him in his cradle, before he scarcely had a feather to cover him.

The Dervise was considering the

melancholy figure of the little hungry bird, stretching his naked head out of the nest; when he saw a Falcon flying towards it with his bill filled with meat, and perceived that it was intended for the poor orphan.

“ Oh! almighty Alla! — adorable
“ Providence!” cried he; — “ rather
“ than let one innocent creature perish
“ for want of assistance, you render
“ the most pitiless and unfeeling bird
“ compassionate! and shall I, a son
“ of the Most High, seek my bread?
“ — No, I swear by the Prophet,
“ from this day, calm and easy, I re-
“ sign the care of my destiny to Him
“ who takes care of every thing in
“ Nature.”

Saying this, the Dervise threw him.

self at his whole length upon the ground, and began to gaze about him, admiring the wonders of the creation, and the beautiful order of the universe.

The evening approached; our recluse began to feel a little appetite whilst he was saying his prayers.—“This is nothing,” said he; “my supper is coming.”—No supper appeared; and he must determine to go to sleep without it.—“I shall have something brought me to-morrow.”—The morning appeared; but without producing any breakfast for the Dervise. He began to be a little surprised: however, he persisted in his plan, and hoped every instant he should see his dinner; but nobody came; and the day ended.

The hungry recluse looked with envious eyes on the young Crow, whom the Falcon never neglected: but was somewhat surprised at hearing him talk to him in the following terms:

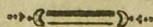
“ As long as you are unable to provide for yourself, my dear, I will continue to take the utmost care of you. I will constantly bring you your food, as I have hitherto done; and you shall want for nothing that I can procure you, because you are weak and helpless: but you will soon be able to leave this nest; and the moment you can fly, you must take care of yourself; for, you will see me no more.

“ Alla recommends to us to have compassion on the weak and the

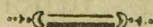
“unfortunate:—but there is a great
“difference between weakness and
“idleness. Our existence is given to
“us, that we may work, either for
“ourselves or others; those who
“choose to excuse themselves from a
“duty so truly sacred, will be pu-
“nished, either by being reduced to
“want, or some other subject of un-
“happiness.”

Struck by this discourse, and the wisdom of the Falcon's arguments, (which he had never in his life reflected upon), the Dervise became an immediate convert, acknowledged his errors, and gaining, as fast as possible, a village he saw at a small distance, engaged himself as a labourer to a farmer.

FABLE XLI.



THE WASP AND THE BEE.



A WASP, perceiving a Bee sitting in the cup of a flower, flew up to her with great freedom, and accosted her with the appellation of sister. The ear of the proud insect, unused to such familiarity, was a little shocked; and turning round with some haughtiness, she said; "We sisters!—pray, "how long has this relationship subsisted between us?"

"Why," answered the Wasp, in an angry tone, "it has always subsisted. "—Examine me; my wings are like

“yours; the same figure,—the same
“shape; and if that will not satisfy
“you, our stings are exactly alike.”

“It is true,” replied the Bee, “we
“have the same weapons; but we use
“them very differently: yours contri-
“bute to your insolence, mine re-
“pulse offences; you provoke, I only
“defend myself.”

FABLE XLII.

THE HEDGE-HOG AND THE RABBITS.

THERE are in the world a great
many people, of so morose and peevish
a disposition, that they are never hap-

py, but when they have an opportunity of quarrelling and disputing,—their delight is to prick and sting; and their pleasure to displease. For my part, I would fly from persons of this description, had they a thousand other good qualities;—I like indulgence and politeness, because they embellish virtue.

A Hedge-hog being obliged to quit his country, on account of a dispute, carried his misanthropic humour with him into a Rabbit-warren; he repeated his various grievances to the subterraneous colony, gave vent to the bitterest invectives against his enemies; and finished by requesting they would afford him an asylum.

“Very willingly,” replied the chief

of them ;—“ we are good plain people,
“ living together like brothers ; and,
“ never troubling ourselves about
“ *mine* or *thine*, every thing is com-
“ mon amongst us, and our chief bu-
“ siness and employment, is to go, at
“ the dawn of day, to feed on the
“ wild thyme, and play upon the
“ grass. In the mean while, each of
“ us, in turn, stands centinel, lest we
“ should be surprised by the hunts-
“ men : if he perceive them, he
“ knocks with his foot against the
“ ground, and in a moment we are
“ gone.

“ In perfect union and gaiety, with
“ our wives, children, and friends, we
“ pass the days which Heaven allows
“ us :—sometimes they are few ; for,

“traps, ferrets, or guns, shorten our
“lives: a good reason why we should
“enjoy it whilst it lasts! Such is our
“philosophy:—if this suit you, stay
“with us, and make one of the co-
“lony; if not, do us the honour of
“dining with us, and return home in
“the evening.”

To this wise discourse, the Hedgehog answered that he should be but too happy to pass the rest of his days with them; and the other Rabbits, with the utmost eagerness, hastened, in imitation of the chief, to show him every politeness.

Every thing went on very well till night:—but when the troop got together after supper, to discourse a little about the weather; the Hedge-hog,

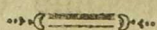
with one of his bristles, pricked a young Rabbit, who was sitting next to him. — “Softly, softly, I beg you,” said the father of the child. But the Hedge-hog paid very little attention to him;—he pricked two; then three; and then a fourth.

The Rabbits murmured extremely; grew angry and surrounded him, reproaching him bitterly with his unkindness.

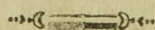
“Gentlemen,” said he, “I am extremely sorry; but you really must overlook it; it is my way;—and I cannot new-make myself.”

“Upon my word, then,” said the chief, “if that is the case, my friend, you had better go and be shaved.”

FABLE XLIII.



THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE RIVER.



“ I AM determined to change my
“ way of life,” said a friend of mine,
as we were taking a morning walk to-
gether. “ I am ashamed to reflect on
“ the manner in which I waste my
“ time; and with what an idle and
“ dissipated set of men my days slip
“ away. Drinking and gaming are
“ their principal amusements; and,
“ instead of finding the pleasure I ex-
“ pected in such society, my heart is
“ filled with remorse, whenever I re-
“ tire to my apartment: and I am

“ come to a resolution to break off the
“ dishonourable connections I have
“ formed.—The rest of my life shall
“ be spent in some deep retirement,
“ dedicated to wisdom and true friend-
“ ship.”

“ How often have you, vainly,
“ made me this promise?” replied I.—
“ Well; when will you begin?”

“ In less than a week, you may de-
“ pend upon it.”

“ But why not to day?—I do not
“ like to have it deferred.”

“ Oh! it is impossible to break such
“ chains in a moment;—I must find a
“ pretext:—but it will not be long
“ first, I will answer for it.”

Discoursing in this manner, we arrived near the banks of the Thames,

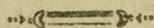
where I perceived a Countryman sitting upon a large stone, and watching, with a look of impatience, the flowing water.

“What are you doing there, friend?” I enquired.

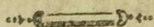
“Sir,” answered he; “business calls me to the opposite village: but I can see no bridge, and I am waiting till all the water is run by.”

“My good friend! behold yourself in this man:—you are losing the best part of your life in projects of reformation;—if you wish to pass the River, jump in, and dash through it, without waiting; for, the water will never cease to flow.”

FABLE XLIV.



THE CHILD AND THE DATE-TREE.



IN a desert country not far from Mount Atlas, where hundreds of wandering tribes lead their camels and their tents as chance directs; one day the son of a mussulman, travelling with a caravan, took the opportunity of his mother's sleeping, to ramble into the country.

In a hollow road at some distance from the barren plain, the Child discovered a fountain, and near it a flourishing Date-Tree loaded with its fruit. —“ Oh! what good fortune,” cried

he: "this clear and refreshing water,
"these dates are mine!—but for me,
"this unknown treasure would have
"been for ever lost in this solitary
"place;—I have discovered them,
"and they are my reward!"

Saying this, he flew towards the tree, and tried to climb to the top of it:—it was a dangerous enterprise;—the bark, now smooth, now rugged, either made him slip, or tore his hands;—twice he fell,—but with fresh courage attempted again to gain the top; and at length, almost breathless with fatigue, he accomplished his wish.

He now attacked the Dates; and while with one hand he clung to the tree, with the other he picked the fruit and devoured it, without giving him-

self the trouble to choose the most delicate. A sudden reflection made him descend; he ran to fetch his mother, and his little brother, and conduct them to the Dates. The young one stooping and embracing the tree with both his arms, the other mounted upon his back; and now, having both his hands at liberty, without difficulty or danger, he picked the fruit, and threw it down to his mother, who laid it on a clean cloth by the side of the fountain; where, smiling on her children as she sat between them, and pleased and contented, they enjoyed a charming repast.

A selfish Child would have hid his discovery, and have kept the Dates for himself: but it would have been

a solitary pleasure; and he knew of none equal to letting his mother and brother partake of his good fortune; and his favourite maxim was, from that day, That the half of a Date was better than a whole one.

FABLE XLV.

THE MONKEY AND THE
MAGIC-LANTERN.

A MAN who showed a Magic-lantern, had a Monkey, who played so many tricks, that he drew a vast concourse of people after him every day. — Jackoo, for that was his name, dan-

ced and tumbled upon the slack rope, in a manner quite new and astonishing; now making half a dozen somersets, then walking upon a cord, without the least help, quite upright, and with a smart military hat on, going through the Prussian exercise.

One day that the man stayed later than usual at the ale-house, (I think it was on a holy-day,) the Monkey, having nobody to control him, had a mind to amuse himself in his own way, and going out into the town, gave a general invitation to all the animals he met with:—and Dogs, Cats, Hogs, Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Cocks, Hens, and Chickens, immediately crowded at the door.

“Walk in, walk in, gentlemen,”

cried our Jackoo;—" here it is that
" you will be entertained, *gratis*, with
" a new and most pleasant show; no
" thing has ever been exhibited in this
" country any thing like it; and no
" money will be taken at the door; I
" only seek honour."

They all entered the house, and seated themselves; the Magic-lantern was brought into the room; the shutters shut; and Jackoo prepared the audience by a discourse made on purpose for the occasion:—it was a very fine piece of oratory, which made every body yawn;—but it was very much applauded.

Pleased with his success, the Monkey took up a piece of painted glass, which he put into his Lantern;—he

knew very well how to manage it; and said, in a proper tone of voice, pushing it along:—"Now you shall see, what you shall see.—Ladies and gentlemen, you see the sun in all its glory;—now you shall see the moon; and then the history of Adam and Eve, and all the animals— — — See, gentlemen, how beautiful they are;—look, ladies, at the creation of the world;— — look— —"

The audience, in total darkness, stretched their eyes to no purpose;—they could see nothing;—the room, the wall, every thing was dark.

"Upon my word," said a Cat, who began to grow impatient,— "of all the wonders with which he stuns our

“ears, the truth is that I do not see
“one.”

“Nor I either,” said a Dog.

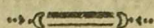
“As to myself,” said a Turkey, who
thought she could see clearer than
other people,—“I certainly see some-
“thing; but, I know not for what
“reason, I cannot distinguish what
“it is.”

During this discourse, our modern
Cicero continued to speak on with
his usual eloquence, and without feel-
ing himself in the least fatigued;—he
had only forgot one thing,—it was to
light his Lantern.

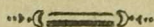
There are many people in the world,
who like to hear themselves talk; who

make use of pompous phrases and studied expressions ; but forget the same principal point.

FABLE XLVI.



THE ERMINE, THE BEAVER, AND
THE WILD-BOAR.



AN Ermine, a Beaver, and a Wild-Boar, all younger brothers, and without fortune, quitted their forest, their river, and their thicket, in the hope of acquiring one.

After a long journey, and many strange adventures, they arrived in a country which offered to their ravished

eyes all the treasures of nature;—charming meadows and woods; orchards full of fruit; and transparent lakes.

Our pilgrims, at the sight of this delightful place, forgot their fatigues and the dangers they had been exposed to.—But it was surrounded, in every part, by a muddy swamp, filled with serpents, lizards, and toads; and they could not avoid passing it. Our three travellers, amazed, and thoughtful, made a pause on the borders of the marsh.

The Ermine was the first to attempt getting over;—she advanced one little paw; but, drawing it back in an instant, stepped hastily away, saying, “My dear friends, let us fly as fast as possible;—beautiful and charming as

“that country is, it cannot, by any
“means, suit us; for we must make
“ourselves dirty in getting at it: and
“as to myself, I am so exceedingly
“delicate, that a single spot almost
“kills me.”

“Have a little patience, sister,” answered the Beaver, “one may sometimes succeed without soiling oneself; nothing is wanting in that case, but time and intelligence: and we have both. You know, that I am a mason;—in one fortnight, I will build you a fine bridge; by which means we may reach that charming valley, without fearing the bite of these ugly serpents, and without spoiling our furs.”

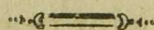
“A fortnight!” exclaimed the

Wild-Boar; “that is a long time to
“look forward to;—I will get there
“much sooner, and I will show you
“how.”

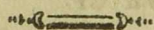
In pronouncing these words, he
plunged into the midst of the mud,
which was so deep, that it almost covered his back; and in spite of serpents, toads, and lizards, walked on, and pushed his way through thick and thin.

He arrived safe, though terribly bespattered; and, whilst he was shaking himself, said to his friends with a sneer:
“Learn from me, how people make
“their way.”

FABLE XLVII.



THE FLYING-FISH.



A CERTAIN Flying-Fish, dissatisfied with his lot, said one evening to his old grandmother: "I know not what I shall do to preserve my life: —if, in order to enjoy myself, I mount a little into the air, I expect every moment to be seized by the talons of the Eagle; and when I plunge into the bottom of the sea, the Sharks are always sure to attack me."

"My child," answered the old gentlewoman; "in this world, when one

“ is neither an Eagle nor a Shark, one
“ must choose a middle way, and jog
“ quietly along our private little road.
“ You should swim near the air, and
“ fly near the water.”

FABLE XLVIII.

THE OLD TREE AND THE GARDENER.

A GARDENER had a Pear Tree in the corner of his garden, which, though it once produced a quantity of fruit, and put many a shilling into the purse of its owner; now old and barren, appeared to him no longer to deserve the place it occupied. The ungrateful man determined to cut it down.

“Respect my great age,” cried the Tree, at the first stroke of the axe;—
“and recollect the quantity of fruit I
“have given you every year:—death
“will soon end my days;—I have but
“an instant to live;—do not murder
“your benefactor and friend.”

“It grieves me to do it,” replied the Gardener: “but I am in want of
“wood.”

At this instant, a number of Nigh-
tingales, all speaking at the same time,
begged him to spare the Tree.—“We
“have no other place,” said they;
“where we can assemble, to sing to
“your wife, when she comes here to
“enjoy the shade; you often leave
“her alone, and we endeavour to cheer
“her solitary hours.”

The Gardener laughed at their request, and aimed a second blow at the Tree;—a swarm of Bees flying out of the trunk, called to him to stop.—“Leave us,” cried they, “but in quiet possession of this asylum, and we will furnish you plentifully with delicious honey, which you may carry to town and sell.—Say, unfeeling man! will that touch your heart?”

“Touch my heart!” replied the avaricious Gardener; “I can scarcely help dropping tears of sensibility.—What do I not owe to this poor Tree, who has rendered me so much service in his youth?—My wife also likes to sit under its shade, and listen to these charming songsters;

“—what a consideration!—let them
“sing in peace and security. And
“you, my friends, who will have the
“goodness to augment my little store
“and add to my comforts, — I will plant
“sweet flowers for you all round my
“dwelling, and you shall live free and
“unmolested.”

Saying this, away he went, and the
Old Tree was spared; — because, he
found it more for his interest to let it
stand than to cut it down.

...Q=====D...

FINIS.

...Q=====D...

